

Title: Stag Bar Supplement to Songs of SEA, and Other Places
and Other Things

Note: This "Appendix" to Songs of SEA, and Other Places, and
Other Things was published separately. The copy in this
Collection includes ~~five~~ hand-written pages that were copied and
added to the end of the Stag Bar Supplement. (#22-28).
(16 pages total)

Given to William Getz by Gene Dalrymple

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(E)

STAG BAR

SUPPLEMENT

to

SONGS OF SEA, AND OTHER PLACES, AND OTHER THINGS

Everything in this world has its time and place. The time and place for these songs is Happy Hour in the Stag Bar. Remember, you can't say, "FUCK!" in the Main Bar. Happy Singing.

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Also # 22-28 handwritten

We might as well start out with the all time favorite--just remember, you can't say "FUCK!" in the Main Bar!

SAMMY SMALL (1)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
And I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all
So, fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I killed a man
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I killed a man
With a piece of fucking lead
Through his silly fucking head
Well, fuck 'em all.

They say I'm gonna swing
Fuck 'em all.
They say I'm gonna swing
Fuck 'em all.
They say I'm gonna swing
From a piece of fucking string
What a silly fucking thing
So, fuck 'em all.

The parson he will come
Fuck 'em all.
The parson he will come
Fuck 'em all.
The parson he will come
With his tales of kingdom come
He can shove 'em up his bung
So, fuck 'em all.

The hangman wears a mask
Fuck 'em all.
The hangman wears a mask
Fuck 'em all.
The hangman wears a mask
For his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass
So, fuck 'em all.

The sheriff will be there too
Fuck 'em all.
The sheriff will be there too
Fuck 'em all.
The sheriff will be there too
With his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do
So, fuck 'em all.

(softly and with feeling)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud--(shout)--FUCK 'EM ALL!!!

I LOVE MY WIFE (2)

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly.
I love the hole that she pisses through.
I love her tits, tiddly-its, tiddly-its
And her little brown asshole.
I'd eat her shit-gobble, gobble,
Chomp, chomp
With a rusty spoon.

(This is, without a doubt, a Doubtful
Classic.)

SALLY (4)

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders,
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man.
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders,
Cheeks of her ass went BAM! BAM! BAM!

MARY ANN BURNS (3)

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats.
She can do tricks that would give a cat the shits.
Roll green peas from her fundamental orifice,
Do a double flip and catch 'em on her tits.
A great big sonofabitch twice as big as me,
Got hair on her ass like the branches on a tree.
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,
Fly a plane, drive a truck.
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

ADLINE SCHMIDT (5)

There was a young maiden
named Adeline Schmidt,
she went to the doctor
'cause she couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine
wrapped up in glass,
Up went the window
and out went her ass.

CHORUS

It was brown, brown
shit falling down.
It was brown, brown
shit falling down.
My God, how that
poor girl could shit.

A handsome young copper
was walking his beat.
He happened to be
on that side of the street.
He looked up so bashful,
he looked up so shy,
When a piece of brown shit
hit him right in the eye.

This handsome young copper
he cussed and he swore.
He called that young maiden
a dirty old whore.
And on Brooklyn Bridge
you can still see him sit
With a sign 'round his neck
saying, "Blinded by Shit."

It was brown, brown
shit falling down.
Brown, brown,
shit all around.
It was brown, brown,
shit falling down.
His life it was ruined
by shit, shit, shit, shit.

HORSE SHIT (6)

What makes this song is the derisive, sneering
last line of each verse.

There was a pilot of great renown,
There was a pilot of great renown,
There was a pilot of great renown,
Until he fucked a girl from our town.
Fucked a girl from our town.
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,
He laid her in a feather bed,
He laid her in a feather bed,
And then he twisted out her maidenhead.
Twisted out her maidenhead.
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
And then he shoved it in clear up to there.
Shoved it in clear up to there.
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
And then he missed her cunt and split
the stump.
Missed her cunt and split the stump
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her on the dewy grass,
He laid her on the dewy grass,
He laid her on the dewy grass,
And then he shoved the old boy up her ass
Shoved the old boy up her ass
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
And then he fucked the girl until she died,
Fucked the girl until she died
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He took her to the burial ground,
He took her to the burial ground,
He took her to the burial ground,
And then he thought he'd have another round
Thought he'd have another round
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit -- HORSE SHIT

THE THUD (or PHANTOM, or SPITFIRE, or JUG, or SABRE, or . . .) BATTLE HYMN (7)

or Phantom

We fly our fucking Thuds at ten-thousand fucking feet,
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet.
And though we think we're flying south, we're flying fucking north,
And we made our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth!

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelujah.

Glory, glory, hallelujah.

Glory, glory, hallelujah.

On the firth of fucking forth! (insert last line of each verse)

or Glory, glory, what a helluva way is this
" " " " " " " "

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all thousand feet.
We fly those fucking Thuds through the trees and corn and wheat.
And though we think we fly with skill, we fly with fucking luck,
but we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck.

We fly those fucking Thuds at ten-thousand fucking feet.
We fly those fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet.
And though we think we're flying up, we're flying fucking down,
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

SPANISH GUITAR (8)

Oh, the first port of call was Aden, Aden
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we made 'em, made 'em.

CHORUS

Two dollars you pay, for a bang up each way
And a tune on a spanish guitar
Singing--hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy sideways
Swish, swish
My idea of a woman is a big fat whore
Shit-bang, fuck-stick
Two dollars you pay for a bang up each way
And a tune on a spanish guitar. Plink, plink, plink.

Oh, the next port of call was Boston, Boston.
Where the girls wouldn't screw but we forced 'em, forced 'em.

Oh, the next port of call was Malta, Malta.
Where the girls wouldn't but oughta, oughta.

Oh, the next port of call was Suwon, Suwon.
Where the girls would do it for two won, two won.

Oh, the next port of call was Takhli, Takhli.
Where the girls they would do it for free, for free.

SHIT HOT FROM KORAT (9)

(Sweet Betsy From Pike)

When this base opened and all things were new,
The jocks had a need for somebody to screw,
When up jumped this girl and said, "For five baht."
"I'm Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat."

CHORUS

It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot
It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the whore from Korat that's shit hot.

Standing or sitting she's good anyway.
That's what the jocks of Korat always say.
They can't understand why her crotch doesn't rot.
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

A very young jock that first opened her box
Became her pimp and later got shot.
But still couldn't tie the marital knot
To Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

She's good in a hammock but better in bed.
That's what the jocks from Kadena have said.
Some left their wives, believe it or not,
For Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC,
When they had the honor to lay in her rack.
They never forgot that dirty old twat,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

With F-4C crews she never had trouble
Once she learned how to take them on double.
Though it was daylight, it bothered her not.
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat. .

When she met the Weasels she sure had the knack,
One in the front and the other in back.
She liked this arrangement, it doubled her baht.
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

Major Gordie McLeod loaned me his copy of Chum Chim for this book.

NELLY DARLING (10)

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nelly darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a million crabs abounding 'round your pussy,
When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So why not make one dear and shove it up your ass.

SAMMY SMALL (SEA VERSION) (11)

O, come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
O, come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
O, we fly the goddamn plane
Through the flak and through the rain,
And tomorrow we'll do it again,
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
O, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
O, they tell us not to think,
Just to dive and just to jink.
Just to dive and just to jink,
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, we bombed MuGia Pass, Fuck 'em all
O, we bombed MuGia Pass, Fuck 'em all
O, we bombed MuGia Pass
Though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, we're on a J.C.S., Fuck 'em all
O, we're on a J.C.S., Fuck 'em all
O, they sent the whole damn wing,
Probably half of us will sing,
What a silly fucking thing,
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
O, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
O, we strafed goddamn Hanoi,
Killed every fucking girl and boy.
What a goddamn fucking joy!
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all
O, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all
O, my bird it did get shot
And I'll probably cry a lot,
But I think that it's Shit Hot!
So, Fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute, Fuck 'em all
While I'm hanging in my chute, Fuck 'em all
While I'm tangled in my chute
Comes this silly fucking toot
Hangs a medal on my root
So FUCK 'EM ALL!!!

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER (12)

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's bar
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

CHORUS

Fiddley-I-E, fiddley-I-O
Fiddley-I-E, for the one ball Reilly
Rubba dub dub, jig balls and all
Rubba dub dub, shag on.

I grabbed that she bitch by the ahir
Then I threw my left leg over,
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,
Shagged and shagged--til the fun was over.

There came a knock upon my door.
Who should it be but her goddamn father.
Two horse pistols by his side,
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter.

I grabbed that bastard by the hair,
Shoved his head in a pail of water.
Shoved those pistols up his ass
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter.

Now as I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner,
"There goes that dirty son of a bitch,
The one that shagged O'Reilly's daughter."

THE CAMEL (13)

The crew they all ride in the dory
The captain, he rides in the gig
It don't go a goddamn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

CHORUS

Singing-toorally, toorally, toorally-a
Toorally, toorally-a
It don't go a goddamn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

The sexual life of the camel
Is greater than anyone thinks.
In terms of voracious passion
None can come near to the sphinx.

Now the sphinx's posterior organs
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Exhaustive experimentation
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog
Can hardly be buggered at all.

Oh, why don't the boys down at Harvard
Do like the boys down at Yale.
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog
So it's easy to grab by the tail.

Here's to the girls of North Adams
And here's to streets that they roam,
And here's to their dirty faced bastards,
God bless them, they may be our own.

And here's to old Fort Massachusetts,
And here's to the old Mohawk trail,
And here's to the Indian maidens
Who gave us our first piece of tail.

CATS ON THE ROOF TOP (14)

The hippopotamus, so it seems,
Seldom if ever has wet dreams
But when he does, he comes in streams
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

CHORUS: Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles
Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass,
Mama armadillo has an iron bound ass
But, papa armadillo has a prick of brass
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Way down south where the alligators roar,
There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore
'Cause all the alligators are too sore
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the elephant is a solitary bloke
Who seldom ever gets a poke,
But when he does, he lets it soak
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the ostrich is a funny old dick.
It isn't very often that he dips his wick.
But when he does he dips it quick
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL (15)

An airman told me before he died
And I don't think that the bastard lied,
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied.

So he invented a prick of steel
Driven by a bloody great wheel--
Two brass balls all filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel--
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Thanky, thanky. I'm satisfied."

But now we come to the bitter bit.
There was no way of stopping it.
She was split from her ass to her tit,
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

NO BALLS AT ALL (16)

There once was a girl named Sarah McFox
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box.
She married a man named Patrick McCall
With a very short peter and no balls at all.

CHORUS

No balls, no balls
A very short peter
And no balls at all.

The very first night that they were wed
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed
She reached for his pecker, it was very small,
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Now mother, dear mother, oh, what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw.
I reached for his pecker, it was very small.
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh, daughter, dear daughter, don't you be sad.
It was the same trouble I had with your Dad.
There's many a man who will come to the call
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice.
And found the results exceedingly nice.
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

ROLL ME OVER (17)

Now this is number one and the song has just begun.

CHORUS

Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew.
Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee.
Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor.
Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh.
Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix.
Now this is number seven, and I think I am in heaven.
Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate.
Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine.
Now this is number ten, and he's started once again.

RING DANG DOO (18)

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans.
Oh, she was young and pretty too,
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo.

A ring-dang-doo, pray, what is that?
It's round and soft like a pussy cat.
It's round and soft and split in two,
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo.

She took me up into her bed.
She placed her tits beneath my head.
And then she took my hickey-floo
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo.

Now six months later she began to swell.
She swelled and swelled 'til she looked
like hell.
She told her ma and her father too
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo.

Her father said, 'You filthy whore,
You've gone and lost your maiden's lore.
Pack up your bag and your nighty too
And make a living from your ring-dang-doo.

She went to the city to become a whore.
She hung a sign upon her door.
Five dollars now, nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And the fellers came and the fellers went.
And the price went down to fifteen cents.
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And then one day a son of a bitch,
He had the crabs and the jockey itch,
He had the syph and diarrhea too
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo.

They hung her tits in the city hall
They pickled her ass in alcohol.
Now all you bums and hobos too
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo.

So they buried her near the city hall
And they engraved upon the wall.
She's learned her lesson and you should too.
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING (19)

There was a ball, a bloody great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir
Four and twenty prostitutes shaggin' on the moor
Oh, the King was in his counting house, counting out his wealth
The Queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

CHORUS: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo
The mon that did it last night, could no do it noo

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb
Oh the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front
A wreath of roses around her neck, a carrot up her cunt.

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree
Oh the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits
Diving off the mantlepiece, and landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks
You could na hear the music for the slushing of the pricks
They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

Oh the village blacksmith, he was there, his hammer and his awls
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.
They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
You could na see the carpets for the come and curly hairs.

The village idiot he was there, making like a fool
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool
Plowman Jack he was there, the bugger would na dance
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance.

The fiery Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores
The village cripple he was there, he couldna do ver much
So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with 'is crutch.

The chimneysweep and he was there, we had to put him oot
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot
The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox
He couldna fuck his lassie, so he fucked the letter box.

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

The village smithy he was there, he wouldn't play the games
He frigged the lassie fourteen times, before he finally came.
'Twas the gathering of the clan, and all the lads were there
A grabbin' all the lassies and friggin' without a care.

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY (20)

Monday I touched her on the ankle
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee
 Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress
 Thursday, her chemise, Gor Blimey
 Friday I put my hand upon it
 Saturday night she gave balls a tweak
 And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her
 And now I'm paying seven ^{+ 10} bob a week, Gor Blimey.

Call out the army and the navy
 Call out the rank and file
 Call out the royal territorials
 They face danger with a smile
 Call out the boys of the old brigade
 That made old England free
 You can call out me Mother
 Me sister and me brother
 But for God's sake don't
 Call me, Gor Blimey.

CHORUS: I don't want to join the Army *(Air Force)*
 I don't want to go to war
 I just want to hang around
 Picadilly around *underground*
 Living off the earnings of a high born lady
 Don't want a bullet up my arse hole
 Don't want me buttocks shot away
 I'd rather be in England
 In jolly, jolly England
 And fornicate me bloody life away.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER (21)

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
 And I were a whale I would teach them emotion.

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over
 Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower
 And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour.

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river
 And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver.

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
 And I were a ram I'd make them run faster.

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits
 And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits.

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens
 And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em.

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
 I'd try twice as hard to get twice as far.

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
 And I were a bull I would chase them all over.

THE END

(Back Page blank for your favorites)

Downtown (24)

When you get up at 2 o'clock in the morning, you can let your mind wander.
Shaking your boots, you're waiting heavy on over, cause you got to go.

Smoke a pack of cigarettes before the briefing is over, wishing you weren't
boring, wishing you were flying over, it's super that way -
it's heavy as hell down there -

You know you're hitting your mark and you're getting your kick
You're going downtown - where the lights are bright.

Downtown - you'd rather watch a fight.

Downtown - hope you'll come home tonight - downtown, downtown.

Planning the ride, you keep hoping that you won't have to go
today - downtown.

Checking the weather cause it's supposed to be over.

So you still don't know - downtown.

Waiting for the guys in TOC to say you're cancelled.

Hoping that the "words" they give will be what suits your fancy.
Won't make me go -

I'd much rather RTB -

and as you sit and you wait thinking, oh FSH.

I'm going downtown - that's why I'm feeling low.

Downtown - but I don't want to go.

" - going to see Uncle Ho - downtown, downtown.

Postal force - burner now - Baracuda has sweeping guns
Daredevil the launch light, no threat, like hell, there's
a plane at 3 o'clock - let's take her down!!!

Banana Valley (25)

Just go down to Banana Valley,
~~just~~ on down & meet your fate,
So on down to Banana Valley,
But when you go down, down, down, you better learn to hate.

I got friends in Banana Valley,
I got friends that learned too late
I got friends in Banana Valley,
They go down, down, down, 'cause they did not hate.

There's snakes in the weeds in Banana Valley,
Them snakes in the weeds know how to hate,
Them snakes in the weeds in Banana Valley,
They go down, down, down, and there they wait.

I heard all 'bout Banana Valley,
How fighting them snakes could be so great,
So much fun in Banana Valley,
Gotta go down, down, down, and investigate.

Two weeks ago in Banana Valley,
Two of my friends killed one of them snakes,
Two weeks ago in Banana Valley,
They went down, down, down, to attend the wake.

So go on down ~~to~~ to Banana Valley,
So on down to meet your fate,
So on down to Banana Valley,
But when you go down, down, down, you better learn to hate.

Figgin' in the Rigger (26)

It was on the good ship Venus,
My God, you should have seen us.
The figure head was a whore in bed,
and the mast a rampant penis.

shows: Figgin' in the riggin, figgin' in the riggin
There's fuck all else to do.

The captain of the lugger,
He was a dirty bugger.
He filled his ass

It Doesn't Have Swing-Wing Machine (27)

Does flying by yourself up front just get you down,
Are you all tensed up and nervous when you're
Do you have a second thought just before you leave the ground,
Would you rather have a break by your side,
Well there's no need to complain, we'll eliminate your pain,
We can neutralize your brain, you'll feel just fine... now...
Fly a brown and green, swing-wing machine.

Do the combat tactics air-to-air make you afraid,
The upper atmosphere is cold and blue,
If you get shot down because of a lazy pass you made,
Would you rather take your cockpit down with you,
Are you worried and distressed, can't seem to get us out,
Put our product to the test, you'll feel just fine... now...
Fly a brown and green, swing-wing machine.

You'd better hurry up and get you one,
Our limited supply is very nearly gone.

Do you nervously await the blow of cruel fate,
Does burnin' heat just drive you up the wall,
Are you tired of comin' in early & leavin' home late,
Are you lookin' for a way to chuck it all,
We can end your daily strife, at a reasonable price,
You've seen it advertised in LIFE, you'll feel just fine... now...
Fly a brown and green, swing-wing machine.

Watusse (28)

2, what is
62?

Watusse, Watusse, Just 62, where oh where are you?
Everybody has their day, everybody has to pay,
and old buddy, Just 62, today it's you.

Poor old Gypie, well he wasn't really old,
had some trouble, cause he did what he was told
went too far, before he turned around.

Just 62, you'd better put it on the ground.

Justin Hank, well we're all ashamed of you,
we don't swear, and we don't fly the way you do,
we love H A C, well, somebody said we should,
Better go back home and land it, Just 62.

Quiet Sorry, wasn't quiet in the air,
Someone heard something that didn't sound quite fair,
Jerry sighed, he'd burst his bubble check in his,
Better knock it off and RTB, 62.